

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Talkin' The Talk - HRSMN"

(feat. Killah Priest, Kurupt)

*[Intro: Kurupt]*

Underdig, underdig that  
Pull it back  
Blast, pull his wig back  
It's like that  
Lil' bitch niggaz  
Horsemen

*[Chorus x2: Kurupt]*

Everybody thinkin' that they Talkin' the Talk  
Everybody thinkin' that they walkin' the walk  
Nigga watch out, shit's about to spark  
Nigga cuz ya just can't do it, nigga we run through it

*[Kurupt]*

Everybody..

*[Canibus]*

You don't have a broad enough bandwidth to understand 'Bis  
Like what if - I changed my name to CAN-I-RIP  
Tell me, would you understand it?  
Or does it trouble you?  
Is it too much over your head, does it puzzle you?  
I can rap about whatever the fuck I want  
What's wrong with rappin' about whatever the fuck I'd done  
Visually and verbally, I'm hi-res cutting edge  
and if you know Rakim then you should Know the Ledge  
I know I do, get everything I've ever rhymed to  
staple it together and you got a fuckin bible  
Let me remind you, records like Beasts from the East  
proove that I crucify you  
if I ever get to rap behind you.  
What about the freestyles I put on vinyl  
for DJs and hiphop heads to get hype to  
Besides who raps like I do?  
If you ever heard I'm not the best you bein' lied to  
Here's a FYI to I can rip  
but you don't have the mental bandwith to understand Bis  
Niggaz wanna talk the talk  
but when they get their feet chopped off  
they can't walk the walk

*[Kurupt]*

Bitch niggaz..

*[Chorus x2]*

*[Kurupt]*

Now I could rap about whatever the fuck I want  
Is it wrong to rap about whatever the fuck I want?  
Fill the body bags, off the commando Volvo  
Sendin' bodies home in car loads  
In my former life my name was Ricardo  
People used to tease me and call me retardo  
Then got it started to whoopin' niggaz retarded  
Rambunkious, raidin' niggaz, ricocheted it  
Power as Foreman, electric stormin'  
Horsemen stormin', ragin' war in  
Negligence, poetic Pegasus  
Nigga, smoke forms in the form of pestilence  
I reign, like snow and hail  
And sour like Concords, "Boy, is that yo shit?  
Is that yo bitch?"  
Better get a nigga cuz she on the Horsemen dick (Bitch)  
Lyrical linguistic twist shit like licorice sticks  
Comin' with a glock and a clip *[imitating gun sounds]*  
Verbals on job like missiles when the AK's spit  
Runnin' shit like the St. Lunatics  
Bitch niggaz

*[Chorus]*

*[Killah Priest]*

I spit verses similar to curses  
Have nurses closin' up the curtains  
Callin' up surgeons, hookin' ya body up to circuits  
But ya condition just worsens  
to the point ya lungs and ya heart stop workin'  
'Til ya carried off into churches then leave off into hurses  
Play six feet Beneath the Surface  
Along with the worms and the serpents  
But I be somewhere in Persian wearin' turbans  
Herbalist, the verbalist, the thoroughest  
Some kind of divine therapist  
Come back to the states as a terrorist  
Wearin' a face like I never exist  
Pull out the Beretta and I spit  
Cops touch me then I sever they wrist  
Ask yourself what type of era this is  
It's the era of the horses, Priest the Horseman  
Priest the Horseman, keep talkin'

*[Chorus x2]*

*[Outro: Kurupt]*

Everybody..

